

HELLBLAZER
issue 13
script
draft 2
20 pages
by Tim Seeley
5-23-2017

Characters

John Constantine

Margaret Ames- 35. Caucasian. A detective formerly from Ireland. Works at Brixton Police Station. Brunette. Very conservative and reserved. Dating John was her 'wild times.' Focused and neat.

Martin German -Early 30s. He's a thin, sort of feminine guy. Long black hair in a ponytail. Dresses a bit bookish...button up shirt with a sweater over the top. Khakis. Carries an antique doctor's medicine bag full of various types of rare alcohol.

Doug 'The Rug' Rindhurst -late teens, early 20s. Our victim. A white would-be rapper who works at the seedy Kings Cross Hotel. Fashion-wise he dresses in appropriated South London gang clothing.

The Young couple:

Wendell (26): A bearded hipster guy. Caucasian. Handsome. Fit. Drinks cheap beer to look like he's into it, but winces the entire time.
http://www.newstatesman.com/sites/default/files/styles/nodeimage/public/blogs_2015/05/rexfeatures_4376070h.jpg?itok=JVd3rl8V

Eraj (25): Pretty and witty. Pakistani-English. Works at an all-male strip club, as a manager. Can drink with the best of them. A woman after Constantine's heart.

PAGE 1

Panel 1: We open on a shot of John Constantine's face. Close up. Lying on a bunched up sheet as a pillow .His eye creeps opens. It's rimmed red.

The sheet is stained with sweat. John's hair is a mess, he's got a three days facial hair growth. Around his mouth is a yellowish stain

clatter of

Caption (Constantine): First thing I recall is the god-awful the air vent.

over Caption (Constantine): Like a medieval knight went arse bloody tit down the stairs.

Panel 2: Over head shot. A seedy hotel room in London. Perhaps we see a ceiling fan in the extreme foreground, not turned on. John Constantine is lying on a bed the wrong way, his feet resting on the pillow. He's naked, and sweaty, the sheets bunched up around his waist to cover up his naughty bits. There's a half eaten foil wrapped falafel wrap on the bed near him.

ref: <http://toptravelandtrips.com/worst-3-hotels-in-london/>

°C make Caption (Constantine): And then I remember the heat. 30
the London air wet and heavy, like a brothel sheet. It holds
in last night's stink...

Panel 3: John stands up from the bed and immediately throws up on the floor.

Caption (Constantine): And last night's regrets.

Caption (Constantine): At that moment I was a man without a history or a future.

Panel 4: He stumbles toward the central air conditioning vent at about eye level on the other side of the room, dragging the sheet with him (also, ostensibly to cover up lil' John).

Caption (Constantine): I was just a miserable, suffering hair and fat, leaking fluid from every conceivable orifice.

SFX: KLINK TNK KRNK WUNCH

John: Shut up you bastard!

Panel 5: John is facing the damnable vent, annoyed, sick, his face a hung over miserable mess. He hits the vent with a balled up fist.

SFX: WOK WOK

Caption (Constantine): And I just wanted my suffering to end.

John: Shut up!

Panel 6: Same basic panel, but John's eyes go wide. The vent rumbles and shakes.

the life of

SFX: KLINK TNK KRNK WUNCH

Caption (Constantine): But I should have known, it being
John Constantine and all...

PAGE 2

Panel 1: Full splash shot. John Constantine stands in mute horror, still holding the sheet. He's covered in blood after a mass eruption from the vent. The spray was massive and wide...his outline is cut out from the back wall.

Caption (Constantine): My suffering was just beginning.

TITLE AND CREDITS:

'The Inspiration Game'
PART 1: The Spirit Hunter

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PAGE 3

Panel 1: We cut now to John in a small police interrogation room. He's wearing his usual uniform, his hands out in front of him. No blood on him.

dragged John: Wasn't but a few seconds after that the bizzies came knocking. Barely had time to pull on my pants before they me and all the other bleary eyed bastards down here for questioning.

Panel 2: Pull back. We see he's sitting across from Margaret Ames. Pretty, Stern.

John: I was lucky they let me shower before I saw you,

Margaret.

John: Ahem. **Detective Chief Inspector Ames.**

Panel 3: In profile, John reaches out to touch her hand.

John: Look, I know. I shouldn't have...

John: I should have just stayed.

Panel 4: She pulls away. She seems disturbed.

Margaret: Don't.

Margaret: This an inquiry. Pure and simple.

Panel 5: In profile again, on the two of them,. John, embarrassed, a little horrified, strains to remember.

your Margaret: Perhaps if we start at the beginning we'll jog memory a bit.

Margaret: Let's start with the bar. What was it called?

PAGE 4

Panel 1: FLASHBACK. Similar in layout to the previous page, last panel. John and Margaret facing each other, but now Margaret is in street clothes. John is standing across from her in the street in Brixton, London, outside a bar called THE BRO DOWN. He looks indignant.

when
that?

John: **THE BRO DOWN.** Come on now, **Margaret!** Since you can pass up a brand new bar with a shite name like

Caption: Last night.

Panel 2: On Margaret, firm and unmoving.

We
you...left.

Margaret: Since I became Detective Chief Inspector, John. talked about this. I don't drink anymore. Haven't since

Panel 3: John gestures back to the bar, trying to be charming and cute.

reward
character

John: But it was on TV's **Bar Rescue!** Isn't it our duty to the heroes who saved this hovel from having dignity and by having at least a pint of its overpriced swill?

Panel 4: On them, facing each other. Margaret, upset and annoyed with herself hangs her head.

the
as you

John: C'mon love. We spent the last few days talking about past. Let's live in the now. Or are you afraid you'll be as fun were when last I knew you?

Panel 5: Margaret stalks off, as John, making it worse shouts after her.

away, I

Margaret: You're a nasty piece of work, John Constantine.
John: Yeah, everybody says so.
Caption (John): Much as I seem to like pushing people didn't really want to be alone.

PAGE 5

Panel 1: John plops down at the bar between an attractive young couple.

Caption (John): Situations like that I tend to
overcompensate. I usually trade one for two.
John: What are we having then, mates?

Panel 2: John is talking to the two of them, all of them with a pint in their hands.

Couples
beer
Caption (John): They were one of those young, attractive
ruining London. His name was **Wendall**. He ordered cheap
ironically and then winced at every sip.

Panel 3: John leans towards Eraj, seduction on his mind. She seems into it.

a strip
she
Sausage
Caption (John): Her name was **Eraj**. She said she worked at
bar. When I asked her about her polework, she explained
managed a club of all male dancers. Called herself '**the**
Sergeant.'

Panel 4: Same basic shot, as Eraj suddenly has her attention taken off screen by an arrival.

way to get
time.
Caption (John): I thought she'd be a better than average
back at you and stick it to Wincing Wendall at the same

Eraj: Oh! My friend is here.

Panel 5: Martin German walks into the bar, smiling at his friends. He carries his antique doctor's bag.

Wimpy
told
Eraj: Martin! Come over here!
Caption (John): Her friend's name was **Martin German**.
sort. Wouldn't have looked his way normally. But then Eraj
me what ol' Marty did for a living.

PAGE 6 -7 (Double page spread)

This will be a grid series of panels showing John and his new friends, as they get to know each other, party out, and then, John starts to have black outs/spaces in his memory, which will be represented by BLACK PANELS

Panel 1: John, Eraj, Wendell and Martin crowded into a corner booth, talking and laughing.

living
had

Caption (John): Martin was a 'rare liquors' dealer. Made his digging up unusual bevvies and selling 'em to pubs that 'mixologists' instead of bartenders.

Panel 2: A close up of a round of pints set at the table.

liked

Caption (John): He was a '**spirit hunter,**' of sorts. And he to buy rounds.

Panel 3: John and Martin both take pulls from their pints.

Caption (John): We were instant best mates, of course.

Panel 4: Eraj and Wendell are passionately making out in the corner of the booth as John and Martin lean into talk to each other.

Wendell
whiskey

Caption (John): Eraj got to the point in inebriation where became more appealing than me, so I decided to climb mountain and seek wisdom from the guru of hooch.

Panel 5 Martin opens his doctor's bag and pulls out a plain, unadorned glass bottle with a golden liquid inside.

latest find.

Caption (John): Martin asked if I wanted to sample his

Panel 6: John takes a sip of the liquid.

pear-

Caption (John): And that's where things start to go a bit shaped.

Panel 7: Black Panel.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 8: John takes another sip, smiling and laughing at some joke.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 9: Black panel

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 10: John, clearly not feeling too good, struggling to keep his head up, as Eraj affectionately leans in, her hand below the table (probably in his crotch).

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 11: John, now laughing takes another drink of the golden liquid, offered by a smiling Martin.

NO DIALOGUE

Panel 12: Black panel.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE 8

Panel 1: And now we see John's view, as if from his own viewpoint. It's his own hands on the wet sidewalk. Rain drops making concentric circles in a puddle. Clutched in one of John's hands is a mashed foil wrapped sandwich.

turmeric, the
wrap...

Caption (John): Next thing I remember is the taste of
feeling of disappointment in the destruction of my falafel

Panel 2: Pull back. Light London rain. Late night. John is on his hands and knees outside a cab, as the cab driver curses at him.

Cab driver: Wanker!

a bit of Caption (John): And a prideful resolution that I wouldn't let London puddle water ruin my breakfast.

Panel 3: John stumbles towards his hotel main door, wrap in hand. We see the place. It's called the Kings Cross Hotel. Old. Seedy. Broken down. Like a dirtier version of this. ref: http://i.dailymail.co.uk/i/pix/2014/04/17/article-2606999-1D29DD8A00000578-815_634x605.jpg

thousand times
was

Caption (John): The world was spinning like it had a before. I tried to pretend I was on the stage again. That I heading to a green room full of adoring fans...

Panel 4: A black panel.

Caption (John): Instead, a black screen of nothing.

Panel 5: And now Constantine throws up in the hotel lobby stairwell, as an angry desk clerk yells him at. Yellow, turmeric color. Wrap still in hand. Meet Doug' The Rug' Rindhurst.

receptionist
the Rug.'

Caption (John): And then, being yelled at by a hotel
and would-be white rapper from Shoreditch named 'Doug

Doug: No! Oh no you don't! Puke outside you old git!

PAGE 9

Panel 1: Now, Constantine, barely able to stand, leans in his hotel doorway getting yelled at by Doug. Doug is out of his mind angry.

bastard! Doug: You clean up your own bloody mess you junkie-
Clean it up!

Panel 2: The kid grabs John by the jacket, roughly. Constantine is surprised.

Doug: Or I'll rub your nose in it like a **naughty dog!**

Panel 3: John snaps, angrily yelling at the kid, waving the mashed sandwich in his face.

who you're John: Now you've done it, you little prat. You don't know
messing with--

Panel 4: John slams the door in Doug's face.

John: But you'll damn well know to regret it.

Panel 5: A black panel.

Caption (John): And then. Then...

Panel 6: And now we see him as we did in the very beginning of this story, lying face down on the bed, the wrong way, passed out.

SFX: KLINK TNK KRNK WUNCH

Caption (John): That godforsaken clatter.

PAGE 10

Panel 1: Back in the interrogation room, John sitting across from Margaret. He lights a cigarette. Margaret looks at him coolly.

Margaret: Well. You've got me in a bit of a pickle, John.

Panel 2: On Margaret. She stands, thinking as she talks and walks.

unethical for me to look into this case any further. If I'm going by the book, I'm going to have to turn it over to another inspector.

Panel 3: She walks behind John, as he exhales, the cigarette clearly a moment of joy in this shitty day.

immediately. Margaret: But if I give it to someone else, you'll walk There's no physical evidence to tie you to the case. From the looks of it you were there. That's all.

Panel 4: She pulls the cigarette out of his mouth.

those... Margaret: The only thing that implicates you is that I know people like **things** you can do. I know **being there** is enough for you.

Panel 5: She takes a drag herself, still cool and calm.

attempts to Margaret: I also know who you were. And despite your convince me of the contrary when you blew back into town and into my life...

Panel 6: And then stamps it out on the floor.

Margaret: I know who you **still are.**

PAGE 11

Panel 1: John picks out another cigarette.

haven't John: Aye. I haven't changed much. But then I'd bet you
either.
any of the John: Y'know why I walked out then, Margaret? It wasn't
other usual reasons. Wasn't bored of you. Wasn't shagging some
bird or bloke.

Panel 2: He lights it.

plucky John: I left because you knew. At first it seemed alright. A
use young copper who'd witnessed the other side. Maybe we'd
 hunting down a demon or two as a bit of foreplay.
 John: But then It was clear knowing wasn't good for you.

Panel 3: He inhales. Smiles.

humanity's just John:.. Why worry about your life or your body when
 a toy or a boil for the things that actually own the world.
Why not John: Why not drink 'til you wretch? Why not shoot up?
 throw it all away?

Panel 4: He puts his hand out, and touches Margaret.

world John: I gave you back your life. Let you live in the rational
Inspector. where you belong. Let you become Detective Chief
 John: So, let me go, Margaret. Let me find out the truth
myself.

Panel 5: On her face, as she thinks, stoically, quiet, his hand over her in the foreground.

darkness to John (from off panel): So you don't have to dive into the
magicked find out whether or not some cranky ol' git wizard
 someone to death.

Panel 6: On John, convicting, Charming.

John: Keep your life, love.
John: I'll prove myself good and damned innocent.

PAGE 12

ON this page we'll see PARALLEL scenes...

Panel 1: John Constantine is walking down the London street at night. He's mostly in shadow, moody, the bad ass occult detective forced to look for a killer that he suspects might be him.

Caption (John): Easier said than done, innit?

Panel 2: Meanwhile, Margaret sits in front of a glowing computer screen in a dark station office, alone.

Caption (John):. She wants to believe it sure, but then no one wants to consider that they've done naughty things with a monster.

Panel 3: On her face, concerned, serious, lit by the screen.

Caption (John): Because here's something else that I'm sure will recall that just drop your jaw. I didn't tell the whole truth about what I night.

Panel 4: Now we switch views to show the computer screen. It's the view from a security camera at the Kings Cross Hotel. It's from a high angle, looking down on the scene. (For reference to this whole scene, I recommend research into the very strange 'ELISA LAM' case, which partially inspired this story.)There's a time stamp on the bottom, in digital numbers: 04:38. It also says LOBBY FIRST/FIRST FLOOR.

In this scene, we recreate PAGE 9, PANEL 3. John yells at Doug, waving the sandwich in his face drunkenly. There's vomit on the ground nearby, where John threw up.

Caption (John): The fact of the matter is, I do remember a bit more about what happened after the door closed.

PAGE 13

Most of this page is as viewed through the camera.

Panel 1: The door slams in Doug's face, recreating Page 9, Panel 4.

hot Caption (John): I remember a swirl of thoughts, angry and bouncing around my mind before my head hit the sheets.

Panel 2: Now Doug standing alone outside the room, suddenly clutches his stomach, as if punched.

how Caption (John): I wanted to walk back out there. Show Doug an old punk rocker fights.

Panel 3: Doug then looks as if he's been punched in the face, his head twisting to the side, spitting blood.

how much I hated his youth, and his choice of fashion and his taste in music.

Panel 4: Now, Doug, his face bleeding moves as if a marionette, his arms and legs moving as if he's doing an awkward hip hop dance. His eyes are wide in terror.

laugh at Caption (John): I imagined making him dance, so I could
his suburban white British attempt at hip hop.

Panel 5: Doug walks backwards, as if dragged up the stairs.

and Caption (John): Then, I thought, I'd call him a naughty dog.
treat him like one.

Panel 6: On Margret as she taps a key, her face showing her horror at what she's seeing.

laughing Caption (John): I'd drag him up the stairs towards the roof, through my satisfaction.

PAGE 14

Panel 1: New scene. Still through the camera. TIME STAMP says 05:02.
ROOFTOP.

We see Doug now on camera standing over three, large rooftop exhaust fans. Old, rusty. Covered by a metal grate to keep out rain and birds.

Caption (John): And then I thought, I'd really let him have it.

Panel 2: Doug lifts off the grate cover.

roof, with
summer
Caption (John): I'd find the old ventilation system on the
its thundering, rusting fans, trying to beat back a humid
day.

Panel 3: He stands looking at the large spinning fans below.

Caption (John): I'd...I'd-- ah, bollocks...

Panel 4: Arms out, eyes wide....he jumps in.

Caption (John): I'd throw him in.

Caption (John): And then I'd say...

Panel 5: Same shot, as a spray of blood arcs from the fans.

Caption (John): "Clean up your own bloody mess."

Panel 6: Back at the station, Margaret, shutting off the video, covers her mouth in horror at what she's seen again.

and used
Caption (John): My drunken fantasy pulled from me skull
as a blueprint.

was I.
Caption (John): Margaret wasn't convinced. Fact is neither

more
Caption (John): I'd been pissed a million times. On me arse
than off it.

.

PAGE 15

Panel 1: Big shot. Back to John now. He leans in the doorwell of an apartment building. Covered in shadows. He lights a cigarette and takes a drag...

too
to

Caption (John): Did I hate people enough that when my inhibitions were down I'd--?
Caption (John): Didn't want to finish that thought. Answer's bloody obvious. Had to keep me mind busy. Find someone blame.

Panel 2: He exhales. His lips glow red, and the smoke winds around forming almost a braid...

book.
newest

Caption (John): Martin German didn't show up in the phone Didn't advertise himself on the internet or tweet about his finds.

incantation.

Caption (John): Fortunately I knew an old Wiccan "**The** **Lost Lips Lament.**".

Panel 3: INSET. The smoke travels under the doorframe.

equinox

Caption (John): Useful when you have faint memories of meeting that special someone amidst a pile of flesh at an orgy, and would like to get some tea the next day.

Panel 4: John rings the doorbell. At the same time he reaches into the jacket...

way.

Caption (John): Martin and I hadn't kissed. Not in the usual But we'd shared a bottle.

Panel 5: A confused Martin comes to the door, peering at John with no recognition. John smiles, his hand still inside his jacket.

Caption (John): An intimate act. We were lovers by spirit.
Martin: Hullo?

PAGE 16

Panel 1: Big shot! John leaps at Martin, brandishing a CROWBAR. He shoves the surprised and terrified Martin back through the door.
(For reference! Martin's apartment is clean and organized. There's a small hat rack and a shelf full of knickknacks in the entryway. A hallway cupboard off to the side.)

Caption (John): And he'd betrayed our union.
John: Evenin' Marty.
SFX: KRNCH

Panel 2: John hits Martin hard in the shin with the crowbar. It look painful as hell. The surprised Martin cries out.

John: Find any new bottles today? Anything you'd like to recommend?
SFX: KRAK
Martin: Ah!!

Panel 3: He drops to the ground, begging and crying as John turns to the rest of the apartment. John is enraged and angry, smashing a shelf of knickknacks with the crowbar.

John: Where is it?! Where's the bloody bag?!

Martin: The--the bag?

John: Where?!

Panel 4: Martin, crying and terrified, points to the closet, his hand trembling. John tosses the crowbar aside.

Martin: It's--it's in the cupboard. Oh god. I'm...I'm sorry.

John: Is this some magician's territorial pissing? Clearin' out the competition, yeah?

PAGE 17

Panel 1: John pulls the distinctive medical bag from the closet, as Martin sobs on the floor, full of shame and pain.

John: Maybe you should sample some of your own wares, eh?

Martin: I'm so sorry. I couldn't help myself. I'm sick. So sick.

Panel 2: On John as he digs into the bag, determined and pissed off, expecting to find the liquor.

John: What kind of inspiration can we pull out of your little bastard head--?

Panel 3: And instead he pulls out a handful of women's underwear. He's shocked.

John: Knickers?

Panel 4: John turns, handful of underwear in his hand, to Martin who struggles to stand and run. John is confused and angry.

John: What's this?

Martin: They--they were just sitting there. We're supposed to clean them and put them back, but they're so pretty...

Panel 5: John grabs Martin by the throat with one hand, slamming him up against the doorway corner.

John: Last night! What did you do to me?!

Martin: I don't--I don't know you--

PAGE 18

Panel 1: In profile on the two of them. John kisses Martin full on the lips. Martin's eyes wide in fear and confusion.

bonus if you Caption (John): Another effect of **the Lament**...a little will. Once you've found last night's lover, another kiss...

Panel 2: On John, as he pulls away. His lips glow red again. His eyes wide.
your eyes. Caption (John): Will replay the evening's events across

Panel 3: Close in on his eye. Big black pupil.
Caption (John): In every detail memory can provide...

Panel 4: ALL BLACK PANEL.
Caption (John): A black screen of nothing.

Panel 5: Pull back. Big shot. Beat panel. Above angle. Women's underwear scattered around the room. The empty medical bag. The cast aside crowbar. Martin is on the floor in the fetal position, his eyes wide. John leans against the wall exasperated, one cigarette in his mouth., holding out the pack of cigarettes to Martin, in offering.

London. Martin: My--my name is Jeremiah. I'm a nurse. At South

John: Yeah. Good to meet ya, Jer. Have a bifter, mate.
John: Sorry to say, but as much as we both need one---

PAGE 19

Panel 1: Focus on the lips of some other poor bastard taking a drink of the notorious bottle, and it's golden contents.

Caption (Constantine): I'm not sure this is the time for a drink.

Poet: snk.

Panel 2: Pull back. We see a homeless man, on a bank of the Thames. Late night. His sleeping bag sits near a makeshift tent behind him.

The man lowers the bottle, his face showing he's beset by a fierce inspiration, as he recites.

Poet: "From the giant Ymir 's flesh. Like maggots from a corpse

scorn."

Poet: "Svartalfar Brothers, subject of Aesir and Vanir

Panel 3: On the man's face, tears beginning to flow from his eyes. The recitation is too much for him. The man reaches into his jacket pocket.

and giants Poet: "From below they looked up to see what the gods had forged from their spittle."

Kavasar were Poet: "Angry and envious were they. For the gifts of were bestowed upon them only a tittle."

Panel 4: He drags a small pocket knife blade across his own throat...

collected the Poet: "So they slit the throat of throat of Wisdom and bloody spray. They mixed in the nectar of bees..."

Poet (weak): "And ..pptt...poetry was born that day."

Panel 5: Bleeding out, he drops to his knees, gurgling out the rest of his poem.

off with Poet (weak): "The jealous All-Father became an eagle and died in the mead he flew. But the brothers waited. And when gods oblivion, they took back their brew."

PAGE 20

Panel 1: SPLASH!

IN the extreme foreground, the face of our poet as he gurgles out the last of his words, his eyes wide in dying.
In the background...

REVEAL of our bad guys!

FJALAR and GALAR stand looking over the edge of the water, pleased with themselves. Fjalar holds the bottle in his hand. It is now completely full of the golden liquid. Galar is eating a woodpigeon, his bloody mouth full of feathers, the body of the bird still grasped in his hands.

DESCRIPTION!

We want these guys to be CREEPY and SCARY above all! We want them to give people nightmares!

Fjalar and Galar are dwarves (svartálfar/dark elves) from Nordic mythology, and they look very little like the stout bearded dudes JRR Tolkien appropriated for his stories. They're stocky with pale skin that resembles the texture and color of a maggot

(http://www.popsci.com/sites/popsci.com/files/styles/large_1x_/public/import/2013/images/2013/09/maggot_0.jpg?itok=A7V0hAgL)

They're both bent and misshapen...one of Fjalar's arms is bigger than the other. Galar has a hunch back. They have pupiless, beady red eyes, and tooth filled mouths...lots of small, creepy baby teeth!

Fjalar has a reddish beard and wispy, thin long hair. Galar is beardless and bald.

They wear bits of whatever clothing they could find. Fjalar wears a tattered children's coat, a cloak/cape made from a baby's blanket. Galar is mostly nude, save a belt wrapped around him a few times from which hangs feathers and bird skulls, as well as recent and fresh heads.

Surtur's fire..." Poet (weak): "T-they walk the earth...again, beneath

mead, Fjalar (creepy, runic font): For though they possess the Inspiration has given way to ire.

challenge. A Galar (creepy, runic font): And the brothers await a player in their game.

Fjalar (creepy, runic font): A mage of Albion's soil. **John Constantine** by name.

CAPTION: NEXT: HEL'S HANGOVER.